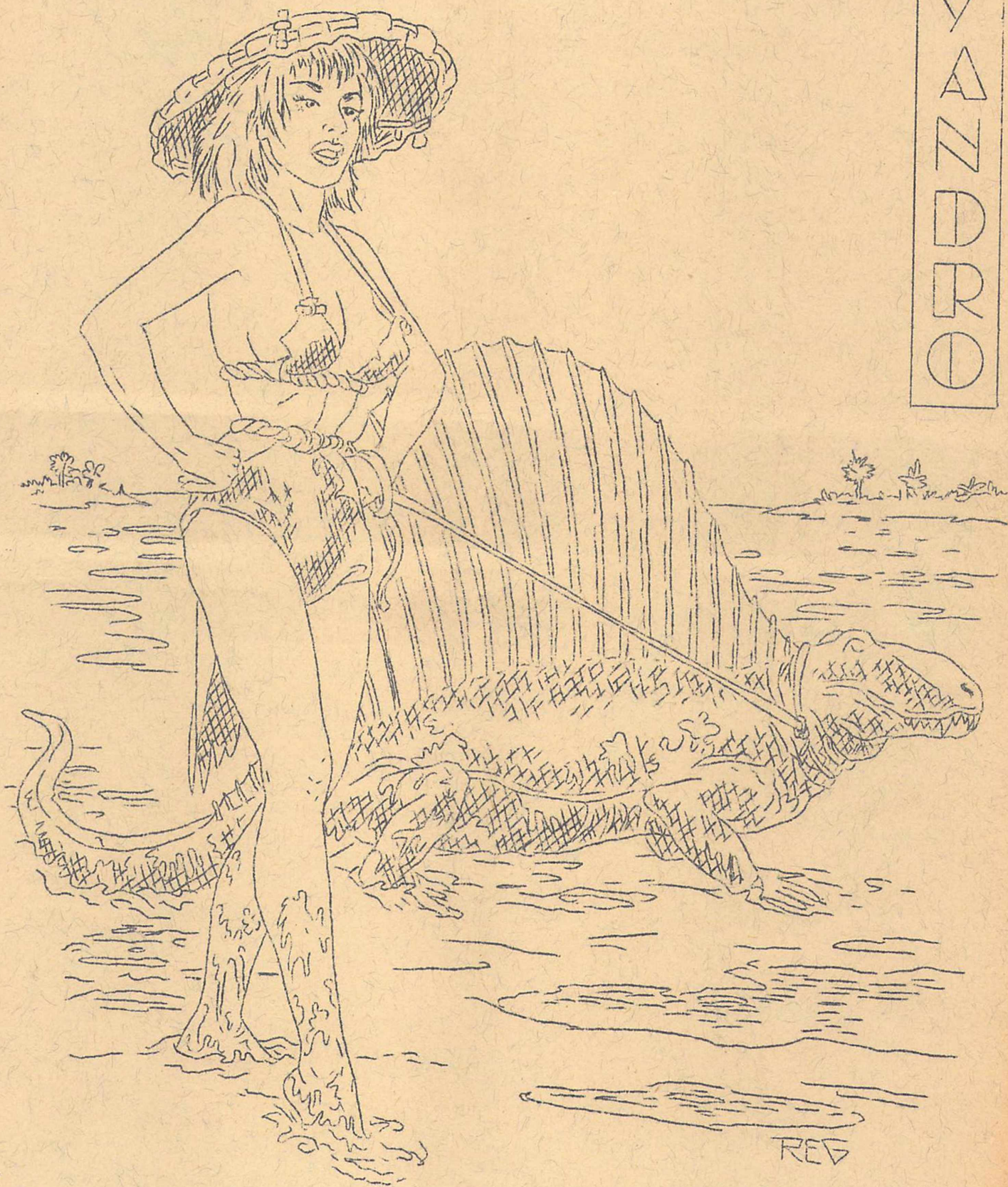
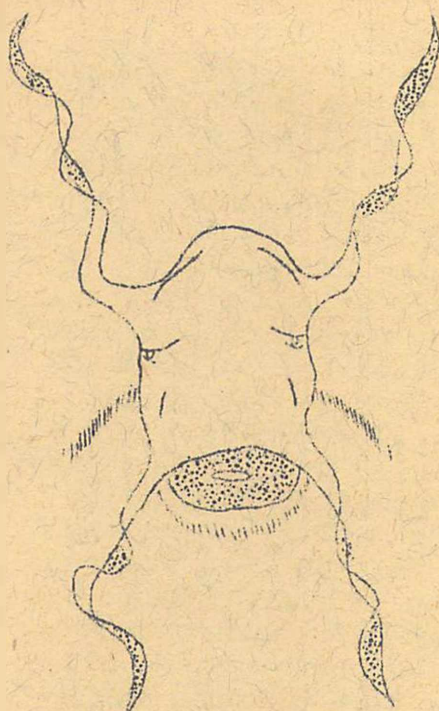


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YANDRO #78

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Then there was this sign along Field Trials
the road near Wabash which said: Krusty Dog Food

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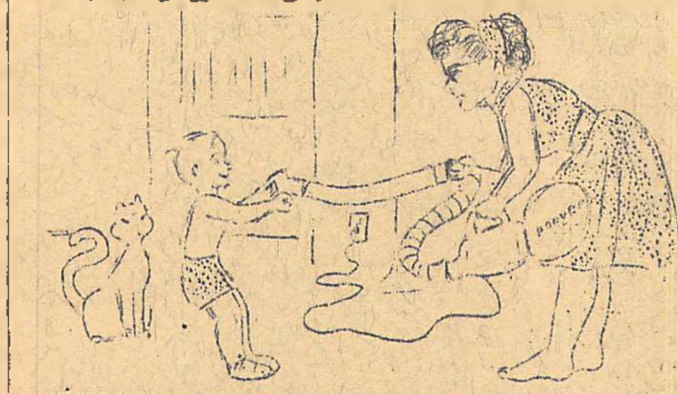
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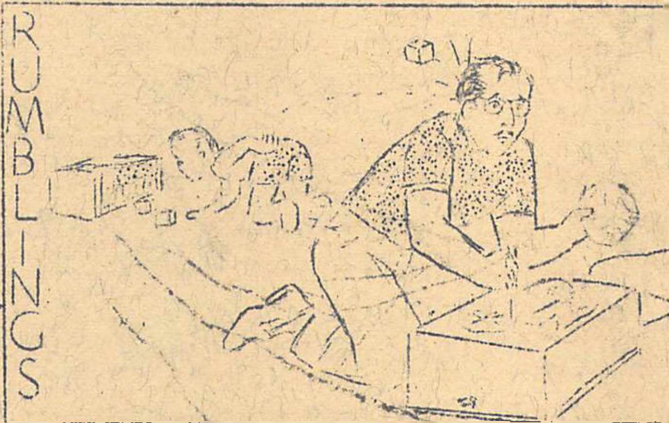
An additional item in this issue is the Hugo Awards Ballot, printed and distributed by request of the convention committee. In addition to the rules printed on the ballot, there are three other items to be considered. First, you do not have to be a convention member in order to vote. Second, mail the ballot to: 17th World Science Fiction Convention, 12011 Kilbourne St., Detroit 13, Michigan. Third, deadline on the ballots is August 10, so if you're going to vote, do it now.

RAMBLINGS



All things considered, the mimeo - ing of thish turned out much better than I expected...first we discovered that our stencil wholesaler, Jack Street, has evidently disappeared from the face of the Earth, taking with him our last order for five more quire of QRS stencils... as a result we have been scouting about frantically for an adequate substitute, which is not at all easy to find...Gene DeWeese off - handedly remarked he had once got - some rather inexpensive stendils

in Kokomo, so we asked him to pick up a quire, and wonder of wonders they turn out to be wonderful for illo cutting - all the more wondrous for being made by the Heyer company, which makes a hideous purple corflu....unfortunately, Gene did not know that there were such things as standard and legal sized mimeo drums, and he bought the "standard sized stencil....this entailed cutting up a previously torn stencil and ap - pliqueing it to the bottom of each stencil as I put it on the drum, judiciously plastering it down with scotch tape...this method works, but it leads to some very sticky fingers....now if we can find the wholesaler for Heyer stencils, we will be using Heyer stencils, Speed-o-print ink, Supreme corflu, Twilltone paper, Varicolor side grippers and ink pads, and a Tower mimeo...oog!...talk about miscognation....Seth Johnson replied to my request for a definition of sex-starved thusly: "those who have neither wife nor mistress, those who are married to frigid or reluctant women, those who are married to impotent males, those who are married to homosexuals or perverts, those who have experienced little love and affection from the parent opposite sex (sic), those who have for some reason or other feel repelled or rejected by opposite sex." My first impression was: Wow! How interesting it must be to work in a psychiatrist's office and meet all these maladjusted, unhappy people, presumably to help them. Then I decided Seth was serious in applying this interpretation to the femmefans I know - and this presented such a ridiculous picture I was forced to back up once more and remember that Seth is an N3Fer. Perhaps this was what Ronel meant in his SHAGGY article about the clubwoman aspect of N3F. If so, and if the femmefans in the organization have really given male fans such a crazy-mixed up picture of femmefans in general....well, is it true what they say about the N3F? How bout it, Gem and Fran? I've met you both and know you both for Noffers, and the above description doesn't seem to match either of you.....Bruce Pelz, true to his word in the lettercol, sent us a verifaxing of the Comics' Code Evaluation...the most frightening part thereof being the list of criteria used for judging the various comics involved: I(4.) Propaganda against or belittling traditional American Institutions or folkways (MAD gets the axe here); II(10.) Criminal acts or moral violations even if given legal punishment (in other words, don't bother writing any sort of detective story); III(23.) Grotesque, fantastic, unnatural creatures (these, too, are disapproved, and there goes your science fiction - there also goes a large source of young fan blood, for a goodly number first acquired the taste via comics). See you in August, and it quite probably is by the time you read this.....JWC



I recently received a letter from the Mid-Tower Publishing Company, which stated, "Due to the lack of general public support of the magazine CANDIDA (Sex & Censorship), it has become impossible to continue with the publication. There will be no further issues." So, if you want copies for collectors items, you might try writing the company, at 1919 East Belmont Ave, Fresno, Cal. They probably have plenty of remainders.

Now YANDRO is running a backlog of letters, as well as written material and artwork. I'd planned on getting all the odds and ends out of the files with this issue, and on publishing all the publishable letters. I didn't do it; it would have taken 50 pages. Some letters are being held over; sometimes for a couple of issues. I'm sorry, because this sort of thing slows down the discussions, but we're simply getting more interesting letters than we can print without turning the mag into a letterzine. (I love this; keep it up.)

A week's vacation, spent in alternately working around the house and in loafing, was climaxed by a fan picnic here July 11. Few Indiana fans came -- some were entertaining company, some were skeet shooting, and several were attending a meeting of the Indianapolis club scheduled for that same night. (Which is the sort of programming you get when you have two clubs planning things separately.) Anyway, the lack was made up by the arrival of two carloads of Chicago fans. Earl Kemp, Jerry DeMuth, Joe Sarno, Jim O'Meara, Lewis Grant, Nancy Kemp, Fran Light, the Kemp children, the Light son and heir (sonLight? oh well...), and a charming gentleman whose name I never did find out braved untold hardships, including a busted fuel pump, on their trek to the Indiana wilds. Bev and Gene DeWeese and Dale Brandon represented Hoosier fandom -- along with us, of course. The get-together would seem to have been a success; I certainly enjoyed myself, at any rate. Even if I have been eating leftovers all week. (And this is a public thank-you to the Kemps for leaving those two quarts of Meisterbrau in our refrigerator.) The refrigerator was the low point of the occasion; the poor thing just isn't capable of handling that much food and drink in this sort of weather, and besides, it had just recovered from a nervous breakdown the week before. I think the ice cubes lasted until the party broke up, but it was a near thing. Next time, I promise; I'll buy 50 lbs of ice in town before the shindig gets started.

Thanks to the generosity of Morris Dollens and Gene DeWeese, I now have some fairly decent equipment for taping records and tv. No more microphone taping. Incidentally, this evening I was trying out the equipment to see how it worked. Turned on the tv at random and started the recorder. And what did we get? Some nut on the Douglas Edwards news show talking about his communications from outer space people, and playing tapes of these people's voices. Anyone interested in hearing the voice of a resident of Aldebaran 4? I've got it. Have fun, kids. RSC

WORLD OF NOVEL F

marion zimmer bradley

A few weeks ago I went to see a remarkably good science fiction movie. Maybe it was the best science fiction movie made in a long time. The title was HELL'S FIVE HOURS.

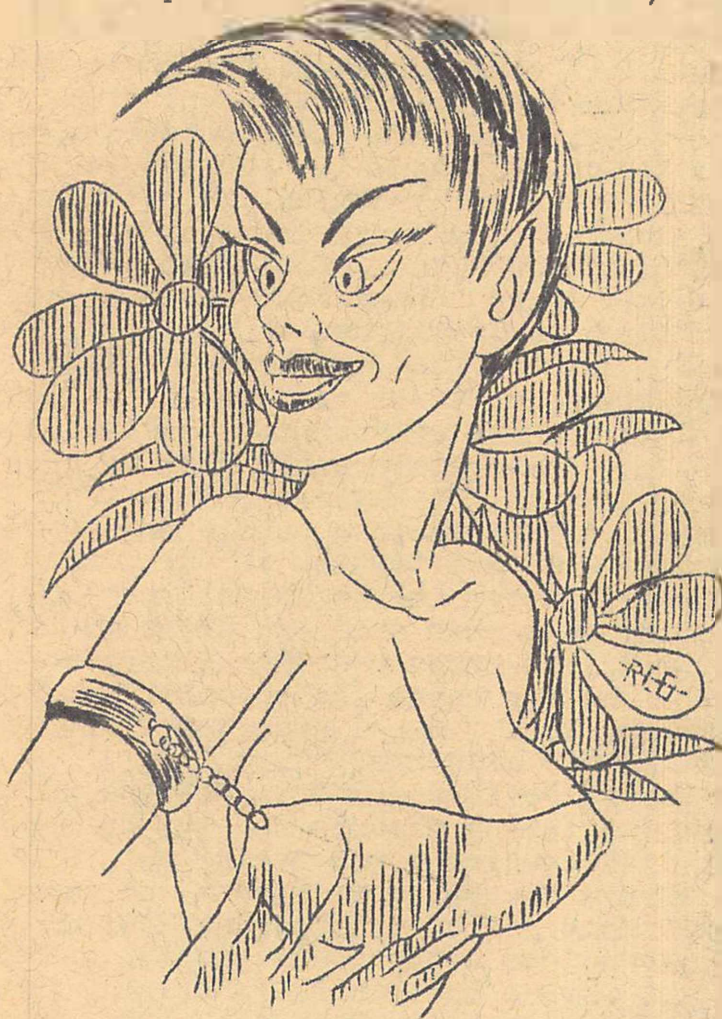
Now maybe some of you have seen the movie. In that case you will do a fast double take and say "Hey, that wasn't science fiction!" To which I reply "What was it, then?"

Now here is the paradox; if HELL'S FIVE HOURS had been a science fiction movie, it could NOT have been filmed as one!

Now, while all you readers start searching for the address of that rest home, thinking that poor old Bradley has gone mad with frustration from all those rejection slips, let me explain what I mean, and what I'm driving at.

The plot of HELL'S FIVE HOURS, outlined briefly, was this. In a fac-

tory producing high-explosive fuels, a disgruntled ex-employee managed to break through the barbed wire fences and guards, and to plant a bomb. Surprised in the process, he shoots a guard, thus starting a fire. The fire is eventually controlled, but the ex-employee, a deranged deep-south hillbilly with delusions of persecution, is still at large. He has made himself into a "live bomb" -- several sticks of dynamite strapped to his chest, which can be detonated by a mercury-level arrangement; so that if he is shot down and the mercury spilled, the contact will set off the dynamite, blow up the fuels plant and several miles of the surrounding countryside. The explosive fuels can be diverted and the plant shut down, in which case an explosion in the plant would not be a serious matter; but it will take five hours to do this. While the time slowly ticks away, the local towns are evacuated, and the plant staff try desperately to corner, reason with, humor or bribe the lunatic. The movie was



quite remarkable for some fine suspense, some splendid shots of the interior of an oil refinery (which is just as weird to the average watcher as any mockup built for a space ship set) and rather good acting, well above that for a "B" picture, of the tensions between the plant manager, the sadistic Security manager who was responsible for sending the lunatic off his rocker, an FBI man, the manager's wife and son (captured as hostages by the lunatic) and last but not least, the deranged man himself, played with astonishing restraint and even sympathy by, I think, Stephen McNally.

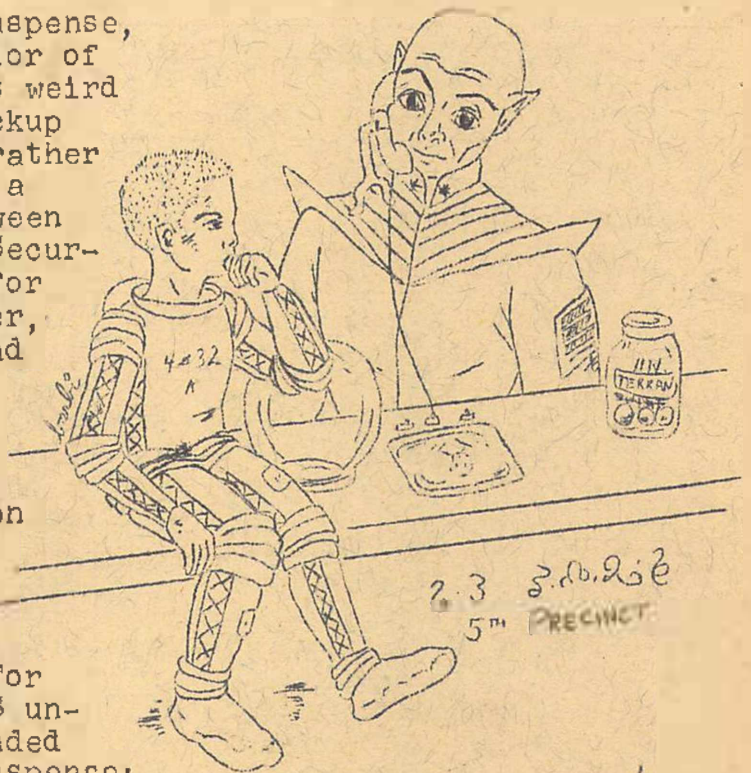
All the time I was watching the movie I kept thinking; "Why don't they film Lester del Rey's NERVES, and film it like that?" For as the story of HELL'S FIVE HOURS unfolded on the screen, I was reminded again and again of NERVES. The suspense; the strange surroundings; the tensions among workers who are carrying on under circumstances of unusual strain -- it could equally well have been a filming of NERVES, or of Heinlein's BLOWUPS HAPPEN.

On the way home from the movie, I found myself answering my own question; because of the label "science fiction". To the movie-going audience, the very word science-fiction has become associated with mad scientists, monsters and grotesque make-up and mock-ups.

I'm not going to argue the reasons for this. I am simply stating a fact; if good science fiction movies are ever going to be made, THEY CANNOT BE MADE AS SCIENCE FICTION MOVIES. The word "Science-fiction" inevitably brings out a horde of children looking for rocket ships, strange uniforms, weird aliens and monsters. This "science-fiction" label would also keep away the audience which would normally long to see good scientific-background movies.

I am also thinking in terms of the Hollywood mentality. Don't think this is the beginning of a tirade against the manner in which those awful Hollywood hacks mangle good stories. On the contrary, I think the large majority of Hollywood screenwriters are probably conscientious people, struggling against terrific odds, and it's a marvel that movies aren't worse than they are. There is also the fact that the people who produce movies cannot afford to produce them for a small and discriminating audience. They're, for better or worse, committed to make movies which will pay the overhead on the studios.

But there is this unfortunate stereotype attached to the science fiction movie. Say "science fiction movie", and to the studio executive it means the type of movie he managed previously to pass out successfully under that label.



If HELL'S FIVE HOURS, del Rey's NERVES or Heinlein's BLOWUPS HAP-
PEN were put on the screen as science fiction, what would have happened?

First of all, all the sober staff of the plant -- be it high-test
fuels or atomic plant -- would be replaced by a group of odd-looking
bespectacled creatures in the inevitable white coats of scientists.
Frankly, the only scientists I have ever known to wear white coats were
the laboratory technicians in hospitals, but chances are that the en-
tire staff of the rocket plant would wear them.

The sober authenticity of the machinery would immediately have been
replaced by fancy-looking dials which did nothing at all except to
light up -- in blue, red and green successively, if the movie were un-
fortunately in technicolor -- meanwhile making weird moaning sounds.

There would have to be at least one man done up in a frightwig and
horn-rims, preferably with a thick German accent, who would lean over
charts and maps with a pencil in his hand (or alternately stand by a
blackboard in front of all the other assembled scientists) to explain
the situation in accented doubletalk. I don't know why, but the "ex-
pert", in science fiction movies, is never one of the bright young
university men. He's an elderly foreigner who doesn't know how to comb
his hair.

I will exercise considerable restraint in pointing out that this
putative science fiction version would doubtless contain at least one
very beautiful girl wearing as little as the law allows. (The only wom-
an character in HELL'S FIVE HOURS was the plant manager's wife. She
was pretty, she looked exactly like a young housewife with a five-year-
old son, and believe it or not, she was wearing a housedress! This
could never happen in a well-regulated science fiction movie. They
would have put her into shorts or a white coat -- nothing in between.
After all, people EXPECT it in a science fiction movie.)

And doubtless, if one of my three examples were being filmed as a
science fiction movie, the writers would be in conference for days,
trying to figure out how they could possibly keep a consistent story
line when the Big Boss insists there simply has to be a Monster in the
story. Why? Well, because, like, all science fiction stories have mon-
sters in them. Look, suppose one of them scientist fellows gets exposed
to the fumes and turns into a.... (that noise you just heard was a writ-
er tearing out his hair and committing suicide.) No? Well, look. Sup-
pose right in the middle of all this they discover that the bomb wasn't
planted by an ex-employee at all. Nobody wants lunatics. Now if he
were a mad scientist..... (another writer just cut his throat). You
don't like that either? Well, listen. Suppose the guy who planted the
bomb is really a Monster from Outer Space. He's got his space ship
hidden inside.... (another writer just fainted).... well, you guys sure
are hard to satisfy. I don't care how you do it, but we gotta have a
monster in it. Look, the KIDS won't go to this movie unless there's a
monster in it, and who goes to movies anymore except the kids?

So what is my point?

Simply this. The adult audience should stop expecting "science
fiction" movies to be adult science fiction. The two terms are a mutual
contradiction in the minds of those who make movies, and to date no ef-
fective method has been found for proving them wrong.

But if the science fiction label were dropped -- finally and forever -- I believe that some of the science fiction classics could be filmed. Easily. On a low budget, as some very good mystery and adventure films are made. They would be B pictures. Naturally. Most science fiction is B-level fiction. The attempt to make big glossy epics, filled with publicity, has given us only DESTINATION MOON and a few bad imitations thereof.

These movies -- and I suggest NERVES as the first of them -- would be filled with quiet suspense. Special effects would be kept to a minimum. First and foremost, they would be stories of people, laid in strange backgrounds.....they would be entertaining and not "frightening" at all.

Well, I can still daydream. Meanwhile, anyone who has a chance should go and see HELL'S FIVE HOURS and get an idea of what science fiction can be like when nobody bothers to label it science fiction.

The Foggy Dew -- and the sober don't?.....Gene DeWeese

FAT TRANCE

James R Adams

The latest thing in reducing systems, according to a recent newspaper item, is shedding the pounds via hypnosis. A Dr. Winkelstein, of Mount Vernon, N.Y., carefully sterilizing his eyeballs before each treatment, mesmerized a half ton of fat off forty-two overweight women.

That's an awful lot of fat, no matter how you look it at -- though I should think you'd have something better to do than to stand around gaping at a thousand pounds of discarded human lard. You can do that anytime.

What puzzles me is, precisely how did the doctor manage it? The item leaves the reader in the dark on that. Did he maybe simply tell the patients to quit eating during the hypnosis period? (Not too likely, since the treatments were continued through fourteen weeks. Somehow, I don't think the gals would have made it back for the last couple of ocular massages.) Or did he look them straight in the eye, bark the command "Drop that fat!" and run for the door as the blubber puddled around his feet?

Well, no matter. But I do want to caution you, doc, not to build your hopes too high over this initial success. That's about as far as you're going with it, until you find a way to bottle it and start hawking it on television.

"Does Ace Novels recent addiction to putting out single volumes make them a half-Ace publisher?"Lewis Grant

It's not the origin of the universe; he's feeling the key go around inside his mouth.

FIAWOT.....Fandom Is A Waste Of Time.....Don Franson



A DORIC COLUMN

— bob tucker —

The Mystery Writers of America, some five hundred strong, publish a monthly fanzine called THE THIRD DEGREE. This journal is a far cry from the fanzines we know and treasure, and most fan editors would be shocked speechless at the amount of wasted space in any given issue. (The publishing costs would stun them!) With a circulation of about six hundred, the current issue runs to fifteen pages and, as always, is mimeographed on one side of the page only. The margins are usually wider than necessary; and sometimes the editor will simply stop typing about three-quarters of the way down the stencil and go to lunch. THE THIRD DEGREE lacks Rotsler nudes or any other kind of illustration -- it is all business. One staple in the upper left hand corner holds the works together.

Publishing and mailing this extravagant fanzine runs to almost \$2000 a year. (No typo, Buck: two thousand.) A couple of years ago the editors deplored this sad state of financial affairs and asked for suggestions. Eager to be of service to my guild, I gathered up several shining examples of mimeo- and lithographed fanzines which made good use of their page-space, together with the approximate costs of each, and shipped them off to the suffering editors. I'm still awaiting an acknowledgement, and meanwhile our expensive fanzine continues, unchanged.

I guess they just don't recognize good fannish advice when they read it. They don't appreciate my fine mind.

A good many science fiction people belong to the Mystery Writers organization, and of course, many who were mystery writers first popped up in s-f magazines later. The current issue of the journal contains a representative crop of names:

Tony Boucher is a past president of the guild. Leigh Brackett is now employed by one of the studios, writing a screenplay for a Steve Frazee novel. John D. MacDonald has sold still another book to Hollywood. Stephen Marlowe (Milton Lesser) has been elected a director. Evan Hunter made a television appearance. Miriam Allen deFord is a director of a California chapter, and Poul Anderson is president of the same chapter. Writers (or editors) who have new books and stories in print are: Leo Margulies, Groff Conklin, C. L. Moore, Charles Beaumont, Richard Matheson and Bryce Walton. Isaac Asimov is present with a note, reporting that his first book was published nine years ago this past January; this year his thirty-second volume appeared. Those thirty-two

volumes represent adult and juvenile science fiction, mysteries, and text books.

Several attempts have been made in the past to organize a science fiction writers' guild, but all failed. I suspect it would be simpler and easier to merely set up an e-f chapter of the existing mystery guild. A final note: the full name is The Mystery Writers of America, Incorporated. It is incorporated under New York laws, and a majority of the directors live in that state, and legal control must always remain there.

There is no further similarity to something else.

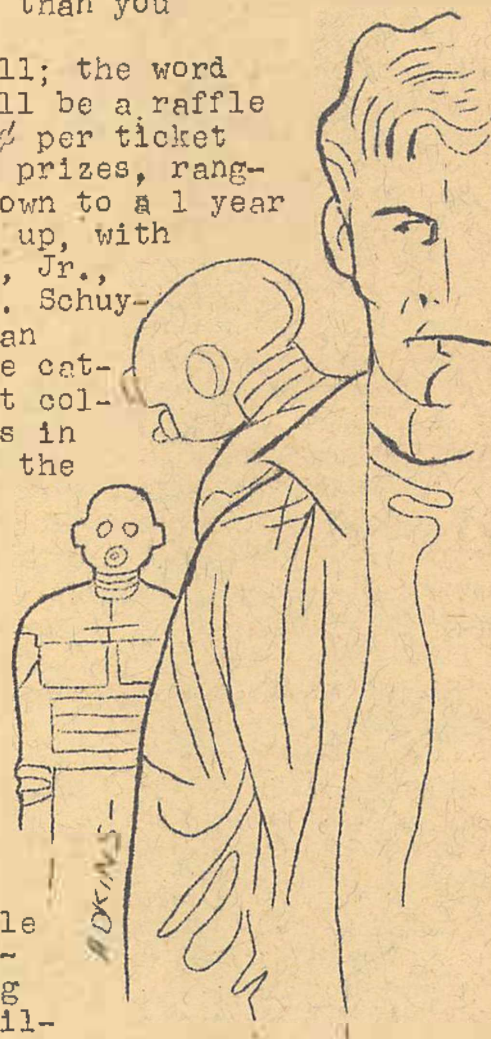
DETENTION NEWS

If you haven't reserved your hotel room yet, better get going. (And come to think of it, they still haven't acknowledged my reservation...) Rooms will probably be available right up to con time, but the cheap ones may well be gone, and what fan wants to waste his convention funds on room rent? Also, not all of the rooms will be air-conditioned, so if you wait, you may get a hotter reception than you planned on.

Somebody on the con committee can't spell; the word is "raffle", not "raffel". Anyway, there will be a raffle of subscriptions to sf mags at the con, 25¢ per ticket with -- if I counted right -- a total of 10 prizes, ranging from a 1 year sub to 9 different mags down to a 1 year sub to GALAXY alone. The program is shaping up, with speeches by Poul Anderson, John W. Campbell, Jr., Judy Merrill, Willy Ley, Damon Knight and P. Schuyler Miller; panels of "fans turned pro", "fan publishers" and "collectors"; and a complete catalog of auction material is promised, so art collectors won't have to bring their binoculars in order to see just what that fuzzy blur that the auctioneer is holding up really is.

Somewhere in this issue there should be a ballot for the Hugo awards; deadline for this is Aug. 10, so get it filled out and mailed. The more votes, the more representative the selections. (Something tells me that a certain section of fandom failed to vote the first time around.)

Table space will be available at the rate of \$5 per (5-foot) table. The banquet is set at \$3.25 for ham and \$5.25 for beef. The committee is asking for banquet reservations in advance. Send membership dues (\$2), banquet reservations, orders for raffle tickets and souvenir playing cards, and inquiries regarding transportation or anything else to DETENTION, James Broderick, 12011 Kilbourne St., Detroit 13, Michigan. Make your checks payable to Broderick.



-THE WORST OF THE WORST-

gene deweese

It seems to be a three-sided toss-up as to which is the best way to save the human race from itself: Turn everyone into (A) Werewolves, (B) Vampires, or (C) Frankenstein monsters. So far, the werewolf method is leading, but.....

(C) is taken up in one of Hollywood's recent efforts, I WAS A TEEN-AGE FRANKENSTEIN. As in "Teenage Werewolf", there is no element of "I was" confession in the movie, mainly because the monster, while teenage, is much too dead at the end of the picture to do any confessing. (As someone remarked, they just aren't making monsters the way they used to.) Not content with having one error in the title, they've doubled up on this one: not only does the monster not confess, but he is not a "Frankenstein".

The Frankenstein involved, the descendent of "Baron Frankenstein", is a middle-aged individual played by Whit Bissel, who got mixed up so unfortunately with the teenage werewolf a few months previously. The good professor F. gets things off to a fast foot-in-mouth start by saying that "as eyes can be grafted successfully"(!) so can any other portion of the human body. That nite he discloses to his assistant, a physicist, that he plans to "build" a human body. Just on cue, there is an auto wreck outside the house and one of the bodies is thrown clear of the car. Dr. F and his assistant (who is to supply the "electronics" while the Dr. supplies the "surgery") quickly snatch the errant body and store it in their basement morgue. There they quickly saw off one hand and one leg. The logic behind this is rather obscure, but I suppose the audience is to assume that the Dr. knows what he is doing (a rather unlikely assumption, but.....)

The Dr. operates very gorily; the garbage disposal unit is much neater. This consists of a secret panel in the basement, behind and below which is some water inhabited by one or more crocodiles. One would be enough, and it's probably ravenous at that, considering that the only time it gets fed is when there are some spare body parts to be disposed of. Or some spare bodies, as we find out shortly. (Keep in mind that this takes place in a rented house, in the suburbs of a quiet college town.)

Some more parts are stolen from a local graveyard and assembly is completed -- almost. Some of the lines spoken in this part of the picture lead me to believe that this might have been an intentional satire. The doctor, speaking to his newly awakened creation: "Say 'Good Morning'!" No response. "Say 'Good Morning' to your creator!" Still no response. "I know you have a tongue! I sewed it back in myself!"

Finally, tho, he gets it to speak. It, however, rebels against confinement (It wants to "go among people"), escapes, accidentally kills a girl, is discovered by Dr. F's fiancée (who is promptly fed to the crocodile), cuts a kid's head off, has the face therefrom grafted onto himself (so he can now safely "go among people"), then sits around ad-

miring his new face in a mirror (his new face, equipped with ducktail hairdo, by the way). However, no sooner is he put together correctly than it is time for them all to go back to England where he is to make his debut in public society. Since there are such sticky items as passports, birth certificates, etc., involved in traveling, the Dr. has solved the transportation problem for the monster rather neatly. "I assembled him; I can also disassemble him!" This he tries to do with remarkable lack of success. The crocodile, probably still picking his teeth from his last sumptuous repast, is given another full meal -- Dr. F himself.

To tie everything up neatly, and to allay anyone's suspicions that the good looking kid next door might be more of a monster than is normal for one of that age, the monster backs into a panel full of lights and, in a blaze of sudden, inexplicable technicolor, is electrocuted.

STRANGE FRUIT
reviewed by RSC

DAFOE #1 (John Koning, 318 So. Belle Vista, Youngstown 9, Ohio - quarterly - free?) As is usual with first issues, this is mostly by the editor -- who remarks that he waited two years in order to be able to get good contributions for his first issue and then wound up doing it himself anyway. The two years weren't wasted, however, because Koning presents opinions which are neither the self-consciously serious drivel of the average neofan nor the self-consciously cute remarks of the neo who wants to show how fannish he is. In the non-editorial section, Don Franson spoofs fannish record reviewers, and someone with the improbable name of Eugene Hyrb does adequate if uninspired fanzine reviews. (On second thought, the reviews are more than adequate; they're pretty good.) One constructive criticism; fuzzier, more absorbent paper will stop some of that show-through. This one I liked. Rating.....5

FEMIZINE #11 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, England - irregular - 15¢ or 1/-) The fanzine of feminine fandom, British and American. Keynote seems to be variety. There is material directed primarily to femfans, material directed primarily to fannish fans, and material, such as Betty Kujawa's dissertation on a ghost, of interest to anyone who likes stories of the unusual. Letter-col contains all sorts of opinions, from Dr. Paul Hammet's logical objections to nuclear tests to Joy Clarke's comment that Grandma Moses is a great painter. Rating.....5

DISJECTA MEMBRA #4 (Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore 12, Maryland, USA - monthly? - 15¢) Back to the letter, fanzine review and editorial format. Since the letter-column is regarded by a great many fans as the most important part of the zine, DJ should be just what they ordered. Think I'll call it Special Interest, and duck the task of rating it against general-type fanzines. Quite enjoyable.

FANACHRONISM #1 (Dean Grennell, 402 Maple Ave., Fond du Lac, Wisconsin - distributed with FANAC) Anything by Grennell is worth getting.

[A FANARTIST AT WORK]

G. H. SCITHERS

Item: comment by Dan Adkins - (George) "Barr does work from photos".

Item: SATA #10, illustration by Barr on page 20

Hey George - here's a letter from Pearson - He's ed of SATA, isn't he?

Yeah - wonder what he wants.....looking for some artwork - Says he needs some illos for his magazine. What's a pterodactyl?

Damned if I know - I'll look it up. Why?

He wants an illo of a guy fighting one with a knife for his mag. Looks like we'd better warm up the old time machine and get out the camer.....

Good lord, George! Do you know what one of these things looks like? It's a damn dinosaur, with a ten or fifteen foot wingspread and.....

Let me see....Hmmm, it does have a mouthful of teeth. We'll have to make sure we've got a good sharp dagger. How many years ago did you say?

I didn't and I'm not going to. If you think I'm going to get anywhere near one of those damn things - that critter doesn't have teeth, it's got a mouthful of swords! Do you realize how big it is? I'm not going to go chasing one of them with nothing but a knife while you dance around with a camera; draw one from your imagination.

Now look - you know I do best working from a photo, and this is my chance to really break into fan illustrating. Besides, think of the picture it would make - there's the pterodactyl, swooping down, and there's you, dagger in hand, ready to.....

Ready to get my head bitten off. George, don't you realize how big this thing is? It's got a fifteen foot wingspread and he's....

Got a mouthful of - of swords. I know. Don't you see, that's what will make the shot so good. Just think.....

I'm thinking. About the time you wanted to draw knights in armour and I almost got skewered back in the tenth century. And the time you got interested in Indians and I got shot through my coonskin cap. And how about the time we went looking for the old Greek gods on that sculpture project of yours and I got my hair singed when Zeus threw a thunderbolt at me?

I know. I know, but think of the photos we got. Come on. I know you liked the drawing I made, "Daniel Boone and the Indians". And this is going to be better still. Think of it - artwork in SATA!

I tell you, I'm not going to fight any of those damn pterodactyls. Don't you realize they've got a twenty foot wing,.....

Yes, yes, I know, but think what a picture it'll make. Come on now; this is going to be my big chance - it'll even be better than that one of "A Mortal Defies The Gods".

It better be - You didn't get a thunderbolt thrown at you, you didn't get an arrow in your cap, you weren't riding around in that silly tin can when that crazy knight showed up and wanted to duel. I'm not going to fight a pterodactyl and that's final. That damn thing's got a twenty-five.....

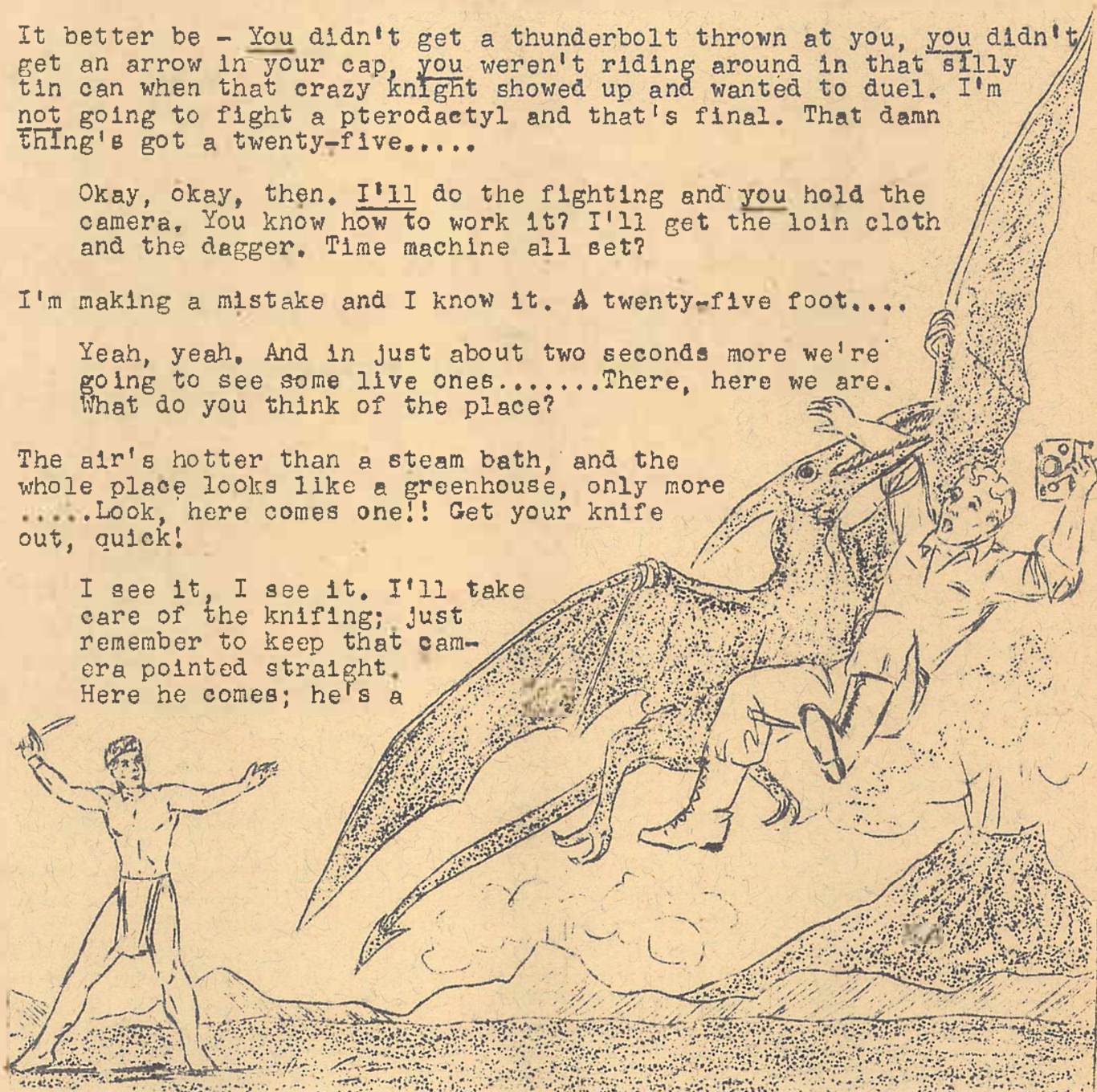
Okay, okay, then. I'll do the fighting and you hold the camera. You know how to work it? I'll get the loin cloth and the dagger. Time machine all set?

I'm making a mistake and I know it. A twenty-five foot....

Yeah, yeah. And in just about two seconds more we're going to see some live ones.....There, here we are. What do you think of the place?

The air's hotter than a steam bath, and the whole place looks like a greenhouse, only moreLook, here comes one!! Get your knife out, quick!

I see it, I see it. I'll take care of the knifing; just remember to keep that camera pointed straight. Here he comes; he's a



big one. Hi! Hi! Come here, you overgrown lizard - that's it, make a swoop at me. You getting those shots?

Hell yes - this is great - if you can keep him from biting off your damfool head - lookout, he's going to bite!

Yeah, yeah, I can see. Try to bite me, will you? Well let's see how you like a bit of knife - there! Don't like something that bites back, do you? Here, take that, and that!! Aha, backing off, eh? Let's see what happens when I start after you. Don't like that, either, eh?

Well, George, you did it. That was great - I got some good shots. I'll get one of it circling.

Great. He doesn't seem to want to go away, though; he just keeps circling, circling. Get a shot of him coming towards you - Hey, look out!!! He's diving towards you!

This viewfinder makes him look like he's right on top of me - Migod, he is! George! It's coming after me, now. Shoo, shoo, go away! George, quick DO SOMETHING! HELP! HELP!!! H*E*L*P!!!!

Quick, drop the camera - drop the camera before you're too high! Ah, just in time. Set the range - got it, light's just right; there - a perfect photo.

George - George - save me - he's carrying me off to his nest.....

He's gone. Damn, he was a good assistant, too. Wonder if Pearson can use an illo of a guy being carried off by a pterodactyl?

STRANGER FRUIT

SEXY VENUS #7 (Bo Stenfors, Bylgilavägen 3, Djursholm, Sweden - quarterly? - for trades "and sometimes - but not always.....a very pleading letter") Bo's first all-English issue, and I can't review it properly because 17 of the 28 pages, plus the front cover, are taken up with Juanita's fiction and artwork. Impeccable reproduction, as usual; Bo is at least as good as Adkins on repro, and he works with more colors. There is also a good story by Bo, a movie review by Dodd, and GIRLS.

HOCUS #9 (Mike Deckinger, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey - monthly - 10¢ or 3 for 25¢) Improvement. Barry Milroad has a good column, there is a Marvin Rivers story which doesn't get anywhere but is mildly enjoyable while on the way, the letter column is looking up, Bill Durkom's jibes at baseball are overdone, but still enjoyable, and nothing is really bad except some alleged reprint poetry, and I guess Mike was hard up for filler items. HOCUS is getting settled, the staff is getting some needed experience, and even the artwork looks a little better this time. No ball of fire, but not bad. Rating.....4

ON-REVIEWING

VOWEN CLARK

Almost every fanmag now pubbed contains that common item, the proverbial review. Books, pro- and fan-zines, movies, and what have you. Some are tongue-in-cheek, others are constructive, destructive, subjective, objective -- and all are critical.

The basic question, then, is not about quantity; but, rather, concerning quality. This is rather over-worked, to be sure. But still, it is basically quantity versus quality.

And, considering very carefully, it is a safe statement to make when one says: "Most reviews contain nothing worth reading." But, why? What is wrong with the reviewers? How could the reviews be improved?

Well... The answer is simple. Take a quick look at the average review of, say, a book. Most likely what it actually says (though in a lengthened form) is, "I did (not) like this story." This seems to be the essence of the problem. The reviewer has done nothing except state an opinion. His opinion. A truly critical review article or column is not the place for opinion; the lettercol is. The average reviewer may give the plot, list characters, list copyright dates, give the contents (in the case of a collection), or tell who pubbed the volume. Yet, he has still only said: "I do (not) like this story".

What, then, is the solution? This is the important question, it seems, since almost everyone knows what is wrong with reviews. The answer seems simple, if considered for a moment. The critical reviewer should read (watch, listen to, etc.) carefully, instead of using the haphazard-guess method. He should then analyze the various components of the story. Characterization, plotting, mood, pacing, theme and so on should all be included in the coverage. Did the author keep interest? Were the people involved life-like? Was the action plausible? What were the motives shown? Did he try to, and did he, get his message across?

The true reviewer should not only analyze the story as a chemist analyzes an unknown mixture. He should try to be clinical; rid himself of emotion and personal feelings and try to be objective. How else can a true picture of a creative effort be given? The reviewer's mind should work like a lab, dissecting and examining competently.

Perhaps, if this is done, we won't have to translate the reviews into: "I did (not) like this story".

STRANGEST FRUIT

VOID #18 (Ted White, 2708 N. Charles St., Baltimore 18, Md - co-editor, Greg Benford, 10521 Allegheny Dr., Dallas 29, Texas - monthly - 25¢) I did like this magazine. White essays a critical review of GALAXY. I agree with his overall summation, though I didn't pay enough attention to the stories to know if I agree with his individual criticisms or not. Walt Willis has a lovely item; Bill Evans discusses rail fandom, there is another segment of "Colonial Excursion" and, of course, letters.

GRUMBLINGS

RON ELLIK, 127 Bennett Ave., Long Beach 3, Calif. - typed at LASFS on passionate purple paper, 30 June 1959.

Oh glory, as fans have been known to say. Rich Brown (who has never read anything by Vorzimer) has misinformed people.

Peter Kranold von Rozsla (possibly spelled Rotsla), whose real name was merely Peter Kranold, was an adult LASFS member of German origin who frequented the club early in 1955. He attended the 1955 Westercon in LA. All this was right after Vorzimer dropped out of fandom, in January 1955. I met both Vorzimer and Kranold, and they are not the same person.

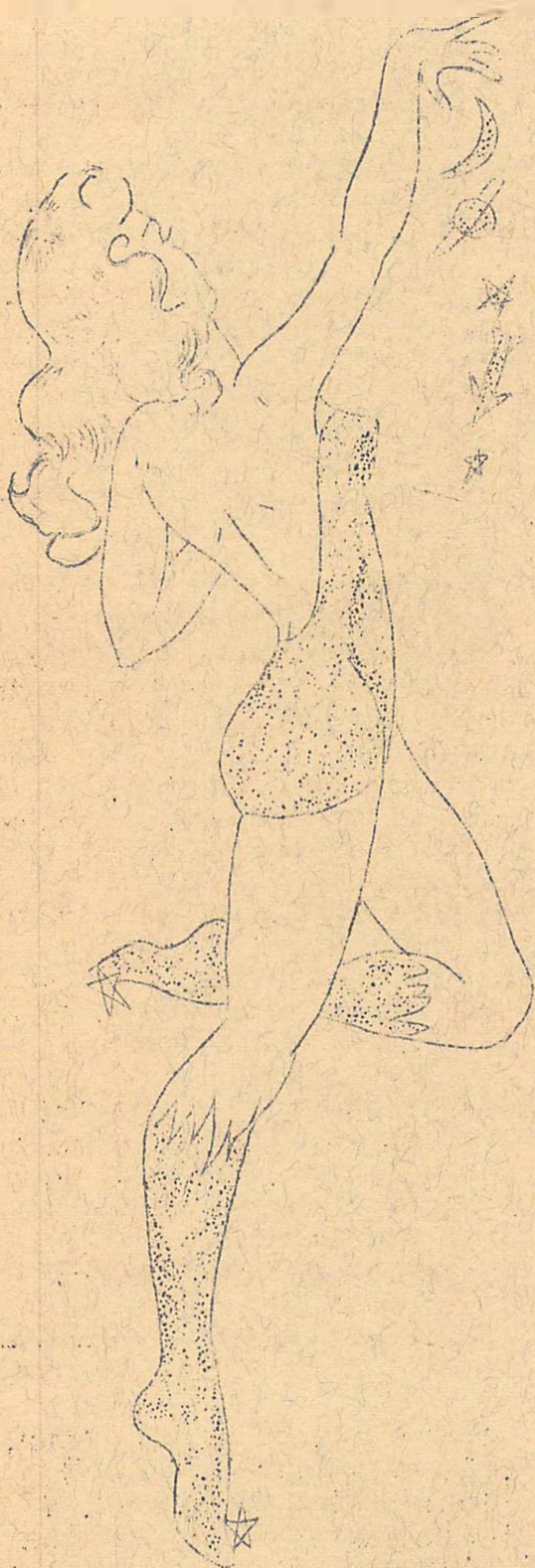
Kranold sued Forry in July 1955, after the Westercon, for several things and for an amount I never learned. The suit was laughed out of court -- Kranold could not back up his charges. You had better ask Forry what these charges were, as I learned about them by word of mouth.

Shortly after that, Kranold was expelled from LASFS and given back the dollar he paid for his membership. Reference is made to this in the letter column of SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #44, which will be published within the week. Kranold's name is misspelled in the letter-column, but it's a difficult name to remember.

Several of the facts about this were published in FANTASY-TIMES in late July or August of that year. I also remember telling Raeburn about it, at that time, so it is doubtful that Brown effectively confused him.

/Now that you explain matters, I dimly recall the FANTASY TIMES article. Didn't remember it at all until you -- and others -- wrote. RSC/

DONALD FRANSON, 6543 Babcock Ave., No. Hollywood, Calif. - Nothing to argue about but religion, and nobody to argue with but G. M. Carr. YANDRO is going to put.



John Berry's letter mentions FANAC inaccuracy. Well, to be fair, they heard that RET was folding from Arthur Thomson, and he would seem an authority, as an ex-co-editor, no? I've got a boo-boo on FANAC tho; in FANAC #40 it says Chas. Burbee's birthday party was May 30, 1959; in BEST OF FANDOM '58, quotes from FANAC by Ron Ellik, it mentions a party on April 29, 1958. Is this how Burbee keeps young, a birthday every 13 months?

Just like Bill Meyers to refuse to conform to non-conformity. Oh, for more of his ilk.

BRUCE PELZ, 4010 Leona St., Tampa 9, Florida - I can't see that YANDRO is full of college humor -- it hasn't been banned yet, has it?

You certainly do like to needle TEW, don't you!

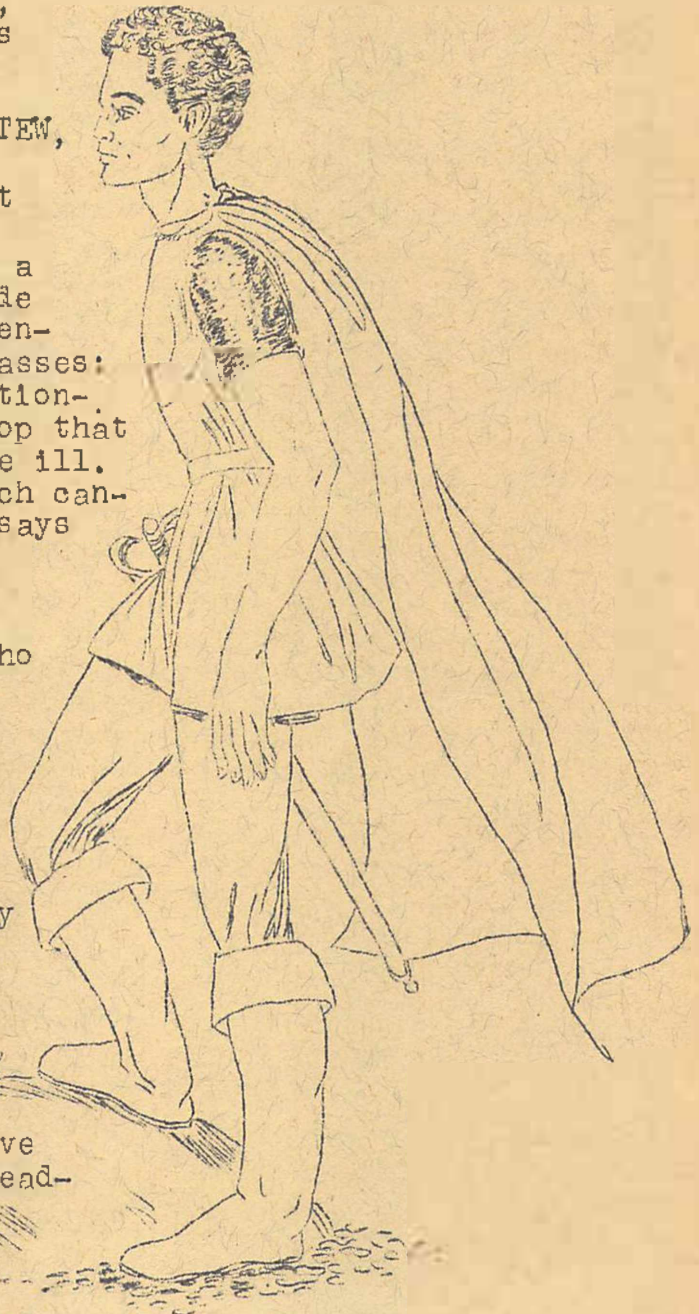
I agree with you on the subject of censorship, particularly in the idea of capability to judge. I have a copy of the report of the Comics Code Authority, which divides all the then-existing comics (1954) into four classes: No Objection, Some Objection, Objectionable and Very Objectionable. The glop that falls in the first category makes me ill. /Obviously, the only literature which cannot be objectionable is that which says nothing at all. RSC/

JOHNNY BOWLES, 502 So. 33rd. St., Louisville 11, Kentucky - Anybody who can call Manka's reviews SERIOUS is SICKSICK SICK. Gad. Gaaaaaad!

Besides, if you can do nothing more than mention FANVIEW, thereby perhaps shorting your readers, I don't give a damn to receive a copy of your zine for said sole purpose.

Otherwise, I feel grand -- happy with fandom and the whorld. And I'm wondering when you'll give certain teen-age fans a chance.

Might as well say that your view of religion in the schools is contrary to mine. If you can't give you children some morals to live by, you're cheating them. Neither reading nor writing nor arithmetic can implant principles in young minds -- and neither can any damn Buddhist priest nor any



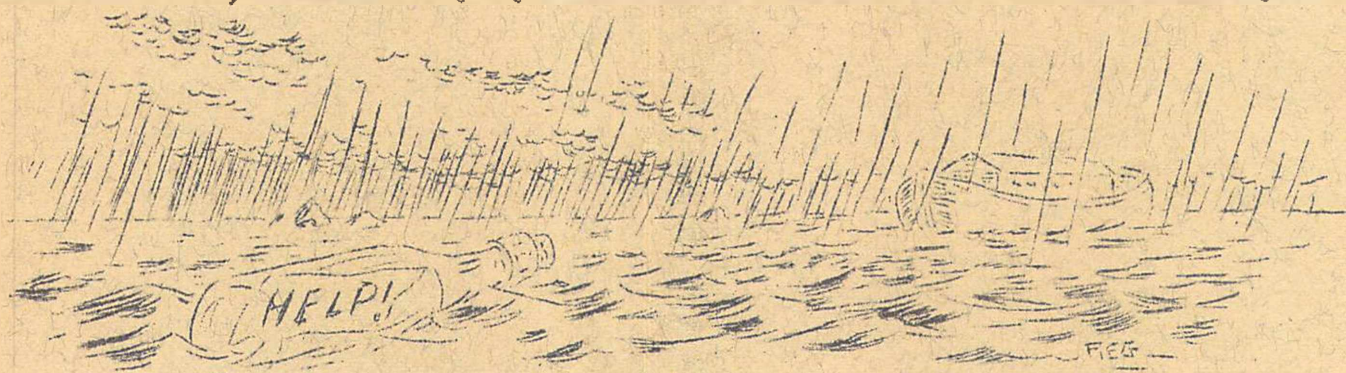
Mohammedan nor any Hindu. If you want to give equal time to these atheistic religions in your thoughts, you have a perfect right to. But no libertine of so many hundreds of years ago -- nor any clay statue -- can tell a person why he is here and what he should do about it; not truthfully, that is to say.

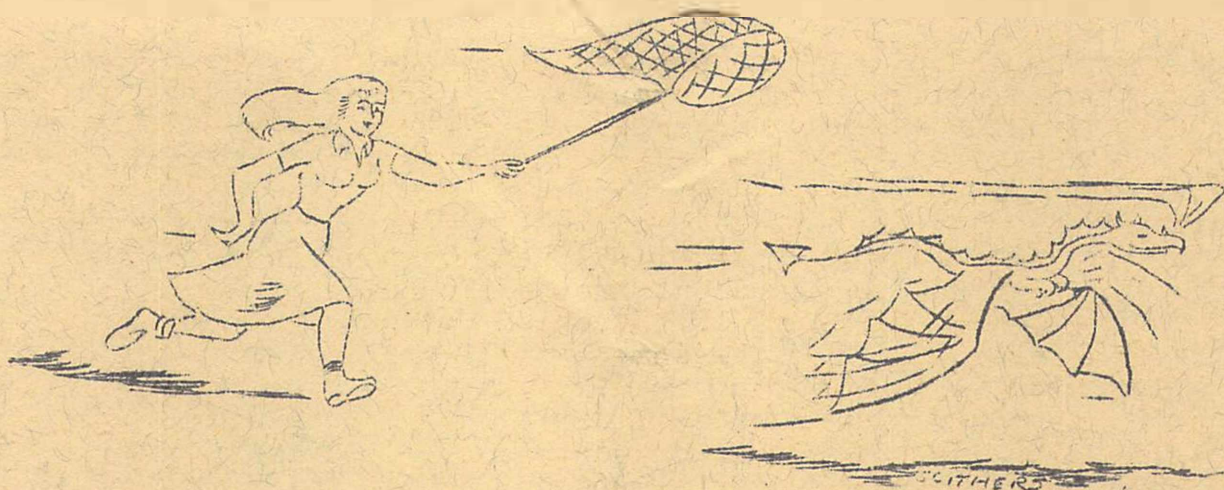
/Ordinarily I don't print this sort of letter, because it's too easy a mark; however, I feel nasty tonight. (A) There is no such thing as an "atheistic religion" -- if you don't know the meaning of words, look in a dictionary before using them. (B) Buddhism not only provides principles, but in general they are the same ethical principles preached by Christianity. Don't knock things you don't know anything about. (C) I intend to teach my children morals; I don't intend to avoid my duty by trying to shove it off on an overworked teacher. I advise you to do the same. Okay, I'm agreeable; I didn't mention FANVIEW this time. RSC/

ROGER EBERT, 410 E. Washington, Urbana, Illinois - Adkins article belonged in the letter column. The reviews were worthless as reviews, but invaluable as a checklist. Try maybe being selective; there's no law saying you have to review every Kleenex or otherwise just because someone sends it to you. You must get a lot of junk fan mail. Why bother to review it in such detail? It just detracts from what should be longer reviews of the better fmz, I think.

/Well, when an editor goes to the trouble of putting out a fanzine, he wants some kind of egoboo. I haven't got time to write letters of comment, except maybe once a month or so to a fanzine which has especially interested me, so I write reviews. Besides, somewhere in our motley readership, there may be someone who is anxiously awaiting just that fanzine that I would first cut from the list. So I mention it....as for longer reviews, when I really want to dissect a magazine, I write a letter to the editor. Any such long criticism is of value only to the editor anyway; the actifans only read the reviews to see if they agree with them, and a few words and a rating will suffice for the neofan, who doesn't understand enough of the longer review to get any more out of it. Of course, that last column did feature excessively short reviews; I'll try to make them a little longer. RSC/

ALAN BURNS, Goldspink House, Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne 2, England - I can't exactly see what Soithers' reply to Stenfors is doing in a fanzine, it was only by an effort of will that I restrained myself





from reaching for my slipstick and table of Napierian Logs, as it is I will pass no comment except to say that among the many constants daily being toppled by researchers with nothing better to do, the speed of light is one, after all, if light is subject to gravitational bending as Einstein proved it was then it must be subject to all sorts of slowings, refraction for example is a classic one, and therefore as a constant it's just about as much use as the English yard which was the distance from a King's nose to the tip of his index finger, since we ain't now got a king in England I don't think we can oblige anyone with the exact distance of a year, and if anyone mumbles about bars of invar or platinum I would remind them that said bars are collections of atoms and the accuracy is not therefore dead certain.

/Do you people out there realize that the above is all one sentence?/

My own candidate for a length constant would be some portion of the visible spectrum. But changing the subject I ask plaintively why fill up a perfectly good zine like Yandro with monsters, kids around our place get themselves monster books strictly for laughs, worst and most frightening set of monsters was in a kids book illustrating the classic story of the babes in the wood, I thought of writing to the publishers but decided that they were making money out of the thing why spoil it when it only scared me?

I guess you'll find it a change living in a six roomed house. Our chateau hath twelve rooms, 3 bedrooms, 2 reception, two monstrous attics which can do nicely as bedrooms, and rooms for coats, cooking, washing and so forth, I like the space.

/I envy you. We could use 12 rooms nicely, but 6 will have to do. What with people writing to say they liked the monster issue because they like monster movies and people writing to say they didn't like it because they don't like monster movies -- sometimes I wonder if we really got our Message across? Ah well, that's fandom. As for the Scithers item....whenever several people write in approximately the same thing, I usually pick out one or two representative items. Scithers' letter wasn't exactly representative -- in that he took Stenfors to task more harshly than the other writers -- but it was by far the completest rebuttal of the group, and it did speak for a section of YANDRO readers, and not just for ol' George personally. RSC/

G. M. CARR, 5319 Ballard, Seattle 7, Washington - Well, now would you look at that! One of the few times I take the trouble to present a logical argument, I get accused of being "militant"... Look, Juanita, if I stepped on your toes in my presentation it was solely because I didn't know they were in the way. No personal implications whatsoever -- except as the shoe fits. All I did was to present a statement of fact; draw a logical conclusion from it; and add an opinion of my own about it. Viz:

The statement of fact: That the concept of the Trinity is the basis of Christian belief. I explained what this concept consists of, and why it is the foundation of Christian doctrine.

Then, I drew the logical conclusion: Inasmuch as the concept of the Trinity is the basic Christian belief, anyone who does not accept it is, ipso facto, NOT a Christian. Surely, there could be no argument with such a conclusion, could there?

Thirdly, I added my own opinion, to wit: That any person who claims to be a Christian, while refusing to accept the basic tenets of Christianity, is guilty of emotional or intellectual cowardice. Cowardice for hiding behind a belief he/she actually does not accept, and cowardice for refusing to admit to the nature and origin of the religious beliefs he/she actually does believe.

Now, for heaven's sake, what is so "militant" about that, I ask you? To try and pass this argument off by saying (as you did) that we should "state a point of view calmly, and with an attitude of 'this is my belief and I find it good'" is as futile as calmly informing a mathematics teacher, for instance, that "it is my belief that 3 plus 4 equals 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ " and expecting him/her to take a calmly rational attitude about it.

If you mean that we should be able to present a religious philosophy in a calmly rational attitude -- fine. That's just what I thought I did. Furthermore, I didn't take any potshots at the various other religious philosophies -- except as they try to disguise themselves by adopting a parody of Christianity. Personally, I think it is better to be an occultist or a theosophist or one of the offshoots of Hinduism currently so popular under the general label of "reincarnation" -- than to have no religion at all. But I admit to a wholly unchristian irritation when I find these non-Christian beliefs masquerading as "Christianity". So, why shouldn't I? I have the right to my own opinion, and in my opinion, this kind of intellectual dishonesty is completely disgusting. It is the intellectual and emotional dishonesty that is disgusting, not necessarily the religious philosophy. And that is precisely what I said. Didn't I? So what's "militant" about that?

/Well, for one thing, the calm statement that "Christianity is unique in the religions of the world in possessing the concept of God as a Trinity composed of one Nature with 3 distinct Persons." This was part of your "statement of fact", and while it may not be flatly untrue (since you carefully kept the statement in the present tense) it is certainly misleading, because there have been, in the past, literally dozens of religions possessing exactly the same concept. Also on this subject of the Trinity, I should like to quote the Rev. Dr. Charles Francis Potter, writing on the so-called "Dead Sea Scrolls". "There is hardly a book in the Old Testament that will not need corrections and

improved readings in the light of the Qumran manuscripts, nor a New Testament book that will not suffer considerable reinterpretation..... The very vulnerable doctrine of the Holy Spirit will have to go.....and will take with it inevitably the doctrine of the Trinity, which was never in the Bible anyway." This is from the Gold Medal pb, "The Lost Years Of Jesus Revealed" (which is, by the way, one of the more misleading titles of the year). RSC/

As to Seth's query about sex-starvation as a motive for females entering fandom -- that's sheer masculine conceit. I freely admit that my sex life isn't now what it was 30 years ago, but if I've ever been starved for sex, it's surely been of my own choosing....not from lack of available supply! No need to enter fandom to find a commodity that's so plentiful in the mundane world. In fact, if anything, I'd say it might be quite the contrary! Femmfans enter fandom because it's so nice to find boys able and willing to get enthusiastic about something else!

I was surprised to note how much I disagreed with Ted Pauls and Bob Lichtman's poo-poo attitude toward YANDRO in their letters. I am amazed to discover that I have apparently outgrown this attitude toward "Y" and now am regarding it almost with enthusiasm. True, there is a sameness of appearance (which seems to be unavoidable when the same kind of paper and general illustrations are used from issue to issue) but I find the contents stimulating and varied. No lack of editorial "personality" either. In short, I suspect it must be that YANDRO -- like warts -- "just grows on you".

/Read YANDRO.....the warty fanzine. RSC/

BARBI JOHNSON, 7546 Farnum Ave., Cleveland 30, Ohio -- I had a good laugh over Seth's letter -- in the first place I don't see what good entering fandom would have done me even if I were "sex-starved" -- how can you have a satisfying affair with a pack of letters? Actually, I got into it because I thought I could draw a lot better than some of the practicing fan artists -- and what a lovely thing it is to see your name in print. Besides, although my neighbors are the best and most intelligent type of suburban housewives, the conversation is generally limited to furniture, sewing, children, etc, with side excursions touching on art and such -- but I can't be out talking all day and folding up their housework, since they all have from 2 to 6 little ones around. As a matter of fact, it's not unheard of for one of the little ones to ask his mother, "Why is she staying so long?" So...on to fandom. Personally, I think Seth's buddies are indulging in a bit of wishful thinking.

Speaking of idiotic phrases -- my favorite is "that's not so far from wrong" -- used to mean "that is very close to being right"! How did we get into a semantic mess like that?

/A New York-raised friend objects to the Hoosier slang of "I'm waiting on..." used to mean "I'm waiting for..." ("You're not waiting on anything, dammit; you aren't standing on top of it while waiting. You're waiting for it.") RSC/

MIRIAM CARR, 70 Liberty St., San Francisco 10, Calif -- "Creatures And Stuff" enjoyed here. Especially the Adkins. Liked N.Y. Insight. Giggled

at James R. Adams. Was awed by all those fmz reviews.

But this is what I actually wrote to tell you about. Buck, I take back all those things I said about YANDRO in my letter that was printed in Y 75. Hell, I don't want to sound like a wishy-washy, but I have changed my mind about "what a fanzine should be" in the last couple of months. Ever since Ted White made his "dissection" of TWIG, I have been giving a lot of thought to what a faned's duty is to his public. (I had entertained the rather ridiculous and extremely selfish thought that fanzines should please me). I have changed my mind. A person's fanac should please himself. If, however, nobody else is pleased, they should change their ways or else get out. Elinor Busby said in the July CRY, "All fanzines are (limited interest 'zines)." So be it. I am of the firm belief that Fandom Is Just a Goddamned Hobby, and that people should do what ever they want with their pleasure hours. Of course, in a hobby with so much contact with others as this one, there are little amenities that should be, and usually are, observed.

Personalities are just as prominent, if not more so, as stf in this that we call science-fiction fandom. And I wouldn't have it otherwise.

So, suit yourselves. It is your GDH, and as I well know, a very expensive one. Sometimes I find the material pale, the humour is often juvenile. I think that Buck is extremely outspoken, and often completely devoid of tact. But, on the other hand, I think you have excellent material at times. Buck's fanzine reviews are the best of their type being done, in my opinion. Your letter column gasses me. Which brings me to commenting on the lettercol of 77.

Buck, I don't think anyone else in fandom handles GMCarr so darned well. Orchids to you on that score.

I must comment on John Berry's statement that FANAC misrepresents him. Arthur Thomson wrote to Terry and said that John Berry was folding Ret. Atom, as Berry's ex-co-editor and friend, would presumably be a reliable news source, no? In FANAC #38 we quoted him as stating this. In FANAC #40, we printed a retraction. If John still feels that he is "suffering because of an untruth -- or at least a rumor without any basis in truth", I am terribly sorry. He can try his own hand at pubbing a frequent newszine, drop his sub, sue us, or anything else he cares to do. But I wish people would stop sniveling about all the harm that FANAC does. There are people whose subs are turned away every day, because FANAC is so popular that we can't afford the time and money to make the runs any bigger. If the people who are so resentful would simply request to be dropped from the mailing list and inform us that we must not print anything about them, life would be much simpler.

Seth Johnson feels that femmefans join fandom because they are dissatisfied with their marital status? Fascinating. Since entering fandom, I have had two entirely opposite marital stat1. As far as I know, I liked being single all right, and I couldn't be more pleased with my present married status. Of course, I may be wrong; I'm only judging with my conscious mind, and these round-robin letters of Seth's which seem to abound in Coronet psychology may have more insight into these matters than I do with mere experience to go on. Amateur psychologists just gripe me. Fandom is sublimation for sex-starved people? Crazy! From what I know by merely reading books, psychologists are practically

unanimous in their opinion that sublimation is the best way to deal with frustrations and problems one can't handle. Come off it, Seth, there's nobody in the world who doesn't have frustrations, be they conscious or unconscious, and likewise there's nobody in the world who is able to cope with all their frustrations, etc. I came into fandom because of curiosity, and remained for two reasons: (a) I like the people, and (b) because it gave me a chance to gain recognition outside my own little puddle. I didn't come in because I was man-hungry. I had lots of boyfriends out of fandom, and still dated them until I got serious about my present husband.

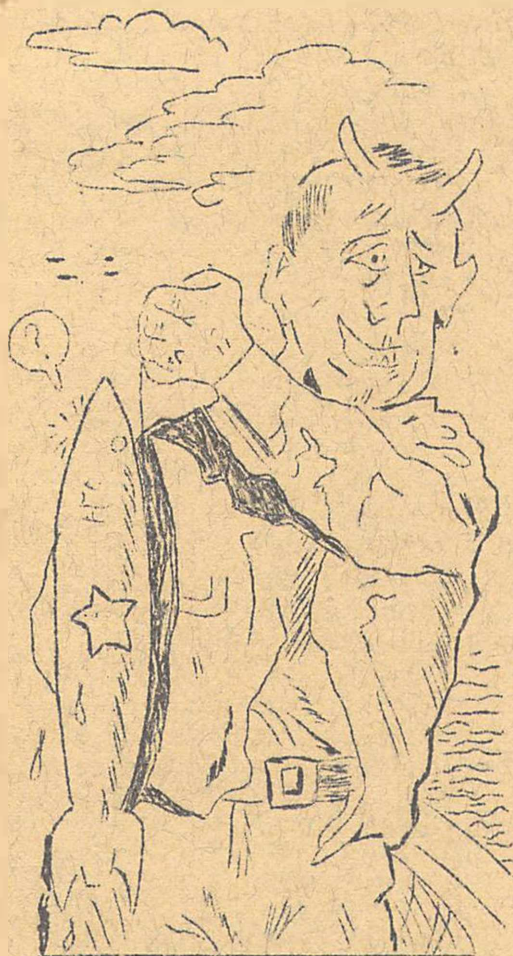
/I have no objection to personalities being prominent in fandom...all I say is, if you're interested in personalities, instead of stf, you're not a science-fiction fan. You just aren't -- I don't care whether you are or not, but the stf-fan "purists" have at least as much right on their side as the actifans who are presently scourging people who misuse the terms "gafia" or "croggled". Same sort of petty bickering, exactly. Maybe I "handle" Gem well (and thanks for the compliment) because I respect her. I don't agree with her -- the more we write the more we find to argue about -- but I like her and respect her argumentative abilities -- and I don't get mad when she picks one of my letters apart. (And the nice thing about having her comments in YANDRO is that I get to dissect her arguments. Joy!) Tch. You're getting sensitive about FANAC; "do it yourself if you're so smart" isn't a rational reply to criticism. Of course an amateur news journal is going to make mistakes, and of course the people concerned are going to blame the editors. You can't stop it, so you might as well ignore it. RSC/

BOYD RAEBURN - In reply to Bjo, maybe Terry Carr reads YANDRO because he likes to be irritated. I was as indignant as many over the stuff that Sanderson was printing in APE regarding the various WSFS deals. So we all asked him to drop the subject. So he did. So the next issue I went thumbing through it and felt quite a letdown that there were no Sanderson diatribes against Kyle & the Falascas for me to feel indignant over.

DON FRANSON - I was going to get controversial over Scithers' article, but I realize I can't go very deep into mathematics, other than to say that this article wasn't as interesting as Bo Stenfors' because it had to resort to nasty old equations. I can't spend my entire life studying Einstein in the library, so I don't care much for an article that says go and study, you clod. /I think George was implying that I should study before publishing any more scientific articles. RSC/

GREGG TREND - When it comes to reviewing fanzines, I have never seen anyone as prejudiced as you. Sure, I know every man to his own opinion, but I think you're stretching the point to extremes. A ten for FANAC? Hell, they (Carr and Ellik) don't put one twentieth the work the staff puts into FAR SIDE!

DEAN GRENNELL - 402 Maple Ave., Fond du Lac, Wisconsin - YANDRO #77 arrived today, alongside a postcard from Bill Evans and the latest AMERICAN RIFLEMAN. Buck will -- I hope -- appreciate the fact that I read Y77 before the AR.



As far as I'm concerned, Buck has phrased my own feelings about TAFF superbly well. I only wish it was possible for all three to go over and I can't, in all conscience, pick one as a special favorite. I sometimes get a bit grotched at the tactics used by some of their supporters but I don't feel the candidates can be held responsible for what someone else says. Whooped over Gene's "preys together" line. Enjoyed Adams' bit out of all proportion to its brief length (more from him, please?).

Advise Berry, if y'll, that I, too, was once a likely cross-country runner. When I was in pre-flight, I used to cover a rugged 2½ mile course in 14 minutes, give a few seconds either way, which is about a mile every 5.6 minutes -- uphill, down hill, across ditches, over barricades, through thick brush and whatnot. It amazed no one so much as myself since I've always been unathletic, though sturdy.

Fred Arnold's letter was most amusing. Ask him has he got a converter as I happen to be AC myself.

The rough thing about carbon tet is that, while it probably won't pull you down with a single whiff, it is fairly accumulative and a modest exposure spread

over several days time will afflict you with varying degrees of megrims up to and including death -- though most authorities agree that that's the worst that can happen.

When I used to instruct on a skeet range I handled maintenance of the shotguns on the side and we had a big tank of c'tet to clean them in. This was done in a stuffy little tarpaper shack and in the summer (on the Nevada desert) the temperature got so hot you had to fish pieces out with pliers as you couldn't stand to put your hands in the stuff. The temperature would get well over 120 inside the shack. As you can imagine, a volatile solvent like c'tet evaporated at the rate of 5 gallons a day or so and the QM, grotched at our using so much expensive solvent, substituted a dry-cleaning solvent similar to kerosene which not only lasted longer but could be used to cut 100-octane aviation gas down to where we could burn it in our ancient Nash. I noticed at the time that my progressively worsening headaches gradually cleared up after we stopped getting the c'tet but didn't get the connection till years later when I happened to read up on fumes and vapors as regards industrial ventilation and whatnot.

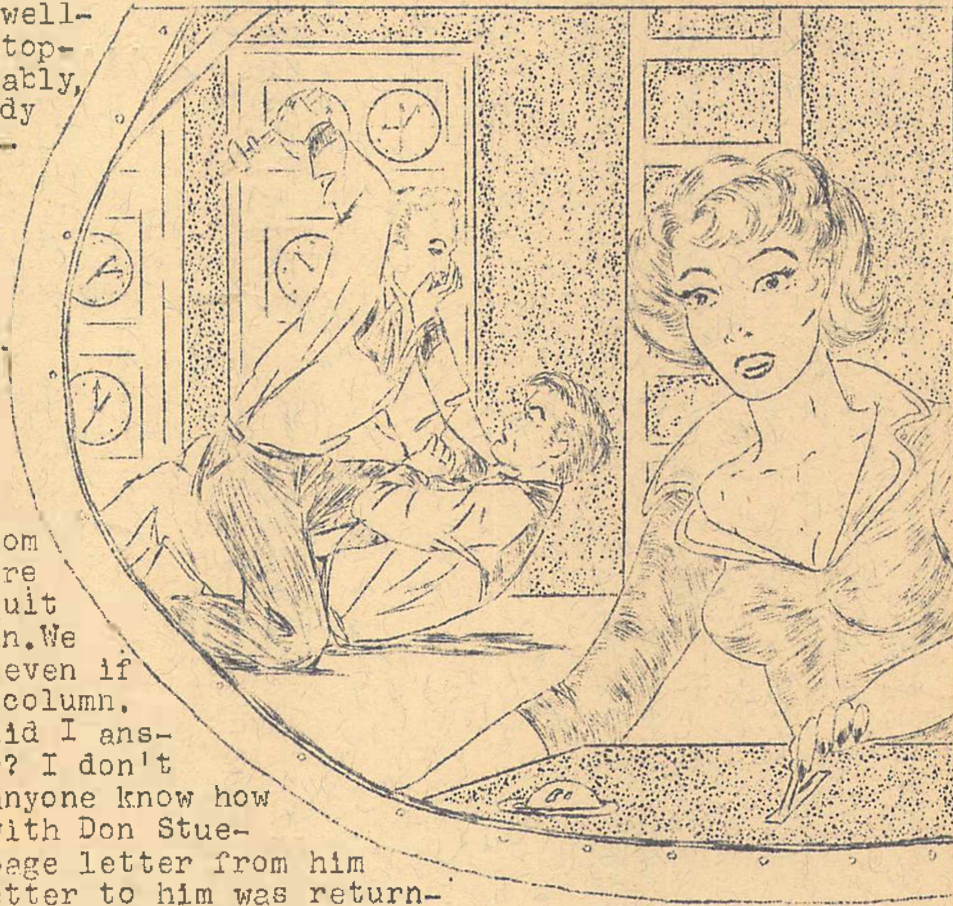
There are various ways by which, conceivably, you could get a lethal whiff of gas. Hydrogen sulfide, for instance, is virulently poisonous; concentration for concentration very nearly as much so as hydro-

cyanic gas like they use in gas chambers. Thing is, it's detectable in fantastically weak concentrations and people rarely hang around long enough to get the minimum amount. This is, of course, the familiar rotten-egg, stink-bomb gas.

Take the gas used today in most commercial air-conditioning systems. They call it "freon" and it's ideal from just about every standpoint. It fills the bill superbly well as a refrigerant and, unlike ammonia and sulfur dioxide which used to be used, it is non-toxic, odorless, tasteless and colorless as well as being reasonably cheap. BUT ...let this benign material come in contact with flame -- such as might happen if an air-conditioned building were destroyed by fire -- and it undergoes a chemical change and emerges as phosgene, one of the deadliest gases in the chemical warfare arsenal. Phosgene smells sort of like geraniums and one reasonably substantial whiff will kill a person within 24 hours. Brr.

The other real baddy is cadmium vapor, which might be encountered when arc-welding something that is cadmium-plated. The vapor from welding zinc (or brass, which contains zinc) is bad, as Rotsler can testify, but its chemical cousin cadmium is extremely deadly. It might be noted that the white powder coating the inside of a fluorescent tube is a beryllium compound which is also unreasonably deadly. Beware breathing the whitish wisp of dust that rises from a broken tube and if you should scratch yourself on a fragment, get medical attention at once. My only excuse for dwelling on these morbid topics is that, conceivably, it might save somebody from a lot of suffering sometime.

Once again we have more letters than we can print. A long one from Noocey Bratmon and one on censorship from Martin Helgesen will probably be in the next issue. And we've received 3 in a row from John Trimble that were not printed; don't quit writing, though, John. We enjoy the comments, even if they don't make the column. Note to Al Mardis; did I answer your last letter? I don't remember. And does anyone know how I can get in touch with Don Stuefloten? I have a 4-page letter from him to answer, and my letter to him was returned, so I evidently have an outdated address. RSC



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